

5. The Pigeons Told Me To Shoplift

This is a sensitive song. Did I say sensitive? I meant mental. Same difference.

The pigeons told me to shoplift
The voices were so persuasive
The pigeons they controlled my mind
And shortly afterwards I did find
Myself in Dixon's putting things in my coat
And looking around and running away
And running away from a security guard
He was overweight, but he thought he was hard
That's when he involved the police on me

And the magistrate, he didn't believe me about the pigeons who told me to shoplift

He said son, I think you're a mentalist, he said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports

I said please don't send me for psychiatric reports

He said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports

I said please don't send me for psychiatric reports [more desperate]

He said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports [more angry]

I said please don't send me for psychiatric reports [more desperate]

He said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports [more angry]

I said please don't send me for psychiatric reports [more desperate]

He said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports, you can't have been told to shoplift by pigeons, you're bullshitting us you bastard, get to fuck, get to the fucking hospital, do as you're told, I'm a fucking magistrate.

I was like chill out knob-head, fucking hell, aren't magistrates uptight these days.

So, they took me off in the green van, with the square wheels.

And that's where I met the psychiatrist, he didn't believe me either.

He said, son, there's no way on earth a pigeon can tell you what to do.

I said you don't understand, I'll show you...

I can speak the pigeon's language I said, and that was about the time that I looked deep into his eyes as I started to speak, in the manner of the pigeons, through my beak, I said...

whistles

And that's how I hypnotized the psychiatrist.

That's how I got him to give me the keys.

Give me the keys to the drug trolley, give me the keys to his BMW, which was parked outside, automatic transition, nice one.

And when he was a fat fucker like me, and while he was hypnotized, I took his clothes off him and I got his suit on. And I took his identity badge as well, which said Mr. Patel.

And I fucked off out of the hospital, dressed as a psychiatrist.

And I got into his BMW.

It had nice leather seats, I thought this will fucking do.

Drove away down Manningham lane.

Manningham lane in the pouring rain.

And I saw this busker with a guitar.

Walking along in the pissing rain, and I thought poor bastard I'll give him a lift.

Pulled up in BMW, I said to the busker, what's your name then?

He said, "Captain Hotknives."

I said, "that's a fucking weird name, what's your real name?"

He said "Chris."

I said, "get in Chris, I'll give you a lift mate, anywhere you want to go."

He said, "well I'm just off into town, I've got a gig."

I said, “Oh have you, get in mate, you’ll be safe as houses with me,
I’m a psychiatrist.”

Trusting knob-head.

So I drove along down Manningham lane. Then I got back into town
again, and when I got near city square, I saw so many fucking
pigeons there. More fucking pigeons than I’ve ever seen. More
fucking pigeons than there could have been. So many pigeons, it
was obscene.

And all the pigeons were talking to me, they said

whistles

And I said to them, that is good advice.

And for those of you who don’t speak pigeon English, what the
pigeons said was...

Kill the hitchhiker and take his guitar

Do his gig, you might get far

You might even get free vegan chili

You might even get some lemon drizzle cake

I thought fucking hell!

Never has there been such an opportunity in being dressed as a
psychiatrist

So I said, “here mate, is it pretty easy to play a guitar?

And he said, “yeah it’s not that hard.”

And I said, “aww cool,” and I strangled him.

He was easy to kill, he was a vegan. I snapped his neck with one hand.

And in my other hand was a donna kebab.

I should have really had my other hands on the steering wheel, but it said automatic, I thought it must drive automatically.

And I crashed into a big pile of rubble that used to be City Square.

And I left the busker and BMW there.

And I took the buskers hoodie and I went to the gig.

And that’s how I’m here pretending to be Captain Hotknives.

And you knob-heads all think I’m Captain, Captain Hotknives or whatever he’s called.

But I’m not, I’m a guy who escaped from a mental hospital.

And later on, when you’ve all forgotten about this bit of me set.

I’m going to follow one of you home, and that you’ll regret.

I’ll get ‘housing benefit claim on your spare room.

And then I’ll have words with your dad.

And I’ll end up being your dad’s best mate.

And I'll follow him down to fucking allotments.

And then I'll grow some ganja plants.

And then I'll get all your fucking cd's and scratch them.

I just want one last chorus to get me out of this song because I'm not quite sure how I got into it.

So I want every fucking person in here to do pigeon noises and if you don't, believe you me, I will follow you home individually, track you down.

And bearing in mind, that recently my nana gave me 2 cd's of everybody's name and address on it in England.

Gave me them for Christmas she did, used to work for the NDWP she did.

So can we have pigeon noises on the count of 17 and I will find out if anyone hasn't done it.

Are you ready, on the count of 17, 1, 2, 3, 17...

6. One Good Thing About Buckfast

Put your hands up if you've drunk so much Buckfast, that when you tried getting out of a taxi, your feet stayed in the taxi and the rest of you went out of the taxi, and you went like that, and you were covered in a little bit of snot and gravel was in the snot.

Alright, so we all know what we're dealing with here then.

One good thing about Buckfast, it gets you fucked fast.

One good thing about Buckfast, it gets you fucked fast.

Brewed by mugs, drunk by mugs, it gets you fucked fast.

One good thing about cider, it makes you lose your lighter.

One good thing about cider, it makes you lose your lighter.

It is made of apples and it sends you mental, oy, oy, oy.

One good thing about whiskey, it makes your life a bit more risky.

One good thing about whiskey, it makes your life a bit more risky.

One good thing about iron brew, it is made out of girders.

One good thing about iron brew, it is made out of girders.

It is made entirely out of iron girders.

One good thing about tenant souper, it comes in a nice blue can.

One good thing about tenant souper, it comes in a nice blue can.

And it's always easy to find in the train station.

One good thing about train stations, they're always full of cops.

One good thing about train stations, they're always full of security guards.

And the security guards always think they're hard.

One good thing about security guards... [shakes head].

One good thing about security guards... [shakes head].

One good thing about security guards... nothing, nothing, nothing, fuck all, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing.

One good thing about Buckfast, it gets you fucked fast.

One good thing about Buckfast, it gets you fucked fast.

Brewed by mugs, drunk by mugs, it gets you fucked fast.

Right it's chaz and dave bit time now, you know like rabbit, rabbit, rabbit, this is fuck fast, fuck fast. So everytime I say buckfast, you say fuckfast really fast, are we ready?

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Ooooooh-oh-oh-fuck-fast.

7. Johnny Depp Wi' Me Bird

People of London can you cope with a bit more, I know there's people with dogs and stuff at home. I know personally my own children are at home, wondering where I've gone, but you know that was weeks ago now.

They'll be alright, won't they? Fuck it, they're pretty quick, they pick up on stuff.

Anyway, so this is a tune about when my girlfriend cheated on me and I caught her in the fucking middle of it all, so it's a Christmasy one.

I came home early, earlier than I'd said.

I noticed that my bird had had a new haircut.

3rd new haircut in a week, and scratches down her back.

And the scratches were red.

And I could clearly see poking out from under the bed.

These right long scissory fingers.

And the scissory fingers were attached to the leathery covered arms of Johnny Depp, under me bed.

Johnny Depp in his Edward scissor hands outfit, been shagging my bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

I think I'm going to have to have a word, with me bird.

So, I says to me bird, is this why you never text me back anymore?
And is this why you've always got new haircuts and just come up
with reasons not to turn up to my gigs.

And she said, well I didn't want you to kick off and go mental and
get sectioned again.

And I said look love, it's bad enough coming home to find you
shagging somebody else, but Johnny fucking Depp, in his Edward
Scissorhands outfit, that really chaffes, that chaffes me to bits.

And I looked at Johnny Depp and I grabbed him by his ankles, I
pulled him out from under the bed, I was gonna smash his fucking
head in, or at the very least bury him in sand and put an ice-skate on
my foot and kick his face off.

But then I looked at his face and I thought, look at all them little cuts
on his face, aww Johnny Depp's got tiny cuts all over his face. Why
am I getting so angry for? That poor guy, he's got cuts on his face.
They're probably caused by them scissory hands.

I thought them scissory hands, that's awful, poor fella I never
looked at it like that. But scissory hands is massive disability, he
could get DLA for that mate, honestly, I'll help you fill the forms out,
cause you won't be able to hold the fucking pen, will you? You
scissory bastard.

And I thought with them scissory hands, how does he wipe his ass? How does he wipe his ass? It must really, really chaffe when he tries to wipe his ass with scissory hands.

And then I thought poor bastard. If I smash his face in, it'd be like kicking someone out of a wheelchair, I couldn't do that, no way, that'd be wrong. He's disabled, he's got cuts on his face.

And then I thought, with them scissory hands how does he roll a joint? How does he skin up, it must be pretty hap hazard, it must go all over the floor.

I thought with scissory hands, how does he have a wank, how does he satisfy that basic human urge to spunk on the curtains. And I thought his hands are made of scissors, aww poor lad. But then I thought wait a minute though he doesn't need to have a wank though does he...

He's been shagging my bird!

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

I think I'm going to have to have more words, with me bird.

So, I leant Johnny Depp 20 quid because he was disabled, and Johnny Depp got a taxi to Barker End which I thought was weird, 'cause I thought he lived in Los Angeles you know, and I gave him

half my last little blim of hash because he said he had no cash till
jyro day. I thought hang on, I thought you were in films,

You know I'm gullible me, my mum always said I'm too soft, and I
said what do you mean? And she punches me in face.

And then Johnny Depp fucked off in the taxi, and it were just me
and Dawn, and I said Dawn, Dawn, come on you could have talked
to me about this shit, why have you been shagging Johnny Depp
behind my back?

What's Johnny Depp got that I haven't?

And it was a right long list, of stuff that Johnny Depp's got that I
haven't got.

Like for example....

He's really good looking

He doesn't have a purple nose

He takes his coat off in the house

He never shits himself

Apparently he's quite funny and he's in films

He's really kind and he gives her cuddles, even when she's had that
PMT

I said is that that type of acid that you smoke that only lasts for 10
minutes?

And she said, no Christopher, that's DMT, you dyslexic knob-head.

And I thought, there's all these things Johnny Depp's better at and he's got everything.

And then she said, he could stay awake after sex.

Flash bastard.

And then she said, he could stay awake during sex.

That really upset me, that did.

And then I thought, there's got to be a silver lining to this, there always is.

And then I thought, oh yeah, I've just remembered something actually.

About something that came in the post the other day.

There's something that Johnny Depp's got now, that he didn't have before he met my bird.

There's something that Johnny Depp's got now, that he didn't have before he met my bird.

There's something that Johnny Depp's got now, that he didn't have before he met my bird.

Chlamydia!

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

It didn't even help when I had a fucking word.

8. Hotknives Are Good For You

I was down in the desert, about 10 years A.D.

I went for a picnic with Joseph and Mary, and a young J.C.

Nobody brought any rizla papers and nobody brought a pipe

And after 14 fucking miles on a donkey, Mary wanted a smoke bad

Little Jesus, he pointed up to the sky and he said hey mum look, it's a message from dad

There was a quire of Angels singing in the sky, advising Jesus and Mary and Jesus upon a new way to get high

They pointed down to the camping stove below, Joseph got the knives out of his carpenters tool bag, Mary smashed the bottom off a milk bottle, Jesus chopped the resin into tiny pieces and I looked on in amazement as the donkey produced a ghetto blaster which started blasting out grand master flash at top volume, in the fucking desert of Palestine. I were like fucking brilliant, we're gonna have a bar, this is ace.

And above us in the Palestinian sky, some angels on a cloud, were just about to sing and then some Zionist angels turned up and tried to build a wall round the cloud, and they were like fuck off, we're trying to sing here you nob heads.

And the Palestinian angels sang...

Hotknives are good for you

Hotknives are good for you

Hotknives are good for you

Hotknives are good for you

So, I sat around and did some hotknives with Jesus and Mary and Joseph and even the donkey had a little toke as well.

And it were fucking brilliant, I thought how can you get so mashed off such a small amount of fucking ganja, that's ace.

I had a bit of like desert mouth, but I didn't give a fuck, it were ace.

Jesus got well excited, he started doing miracles everywhere, turned all the nearby water into special brew.

Why do you think it's called the dead sea now? It's made of special brew.

All the fish fucking floated up to the top like this, pissed.

Anyway, it was all going really good, then Joseph started getting paranoid again, he says to Mary, how come me and you look fucking Palestinian, and our Jesus looks like fucking Robert Powel?

How come our Jesus looks fucking Norwegian, he's 6 foot 2, with blond hair and a beard, blue eyes, and a fucking halo, what the fuck's going on there?

And Mary just looked at him in that tired way that mothers do when they're getting accused of shagging somebody else, she just said to Joseph...

Chill out nobhead

Chill out nobhead

Chill out nobhead

Chill out nobhead

Mary said, does it really matter who the father is, we've got a fucking flat in Galilee out of it, you fucking twat.

What about the child benefit money, where do you think that ganja we just smoked came from?

Anyway, there was a quire of angels singing in the sky, down below them, we were fucking high.

And one of the angels dropped me down a twix, I said how did you know I was hungry?

And the angel said; "I'm an angel you dickhead, we're clever, I've got O'level geography and everything."

I said; "You've got O'levels? You must be old. They're called GCSE's now"

"I'm an angel, I'm really old."

"You don't look it."

"I'm a fucking angel, get on with the song."

And the angels sang...

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

23 years later, Jesus and myself were living in a flat with Kyle just up Manchester Road.

And we had these mates, they were called the apostles, they were brilliant, they were a right good set of lads and they all had really smart sandals and everything, and Jesus he had a mate who worked at the department of work and pensions, so he scammed all the Jiro's for us.

I was on six hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds a day, nice one Jesus, good lad.

And we didn't lack for anything, we had spaggeti hoops with cheese on, every day, every fucking night dickhead, yes.

And it were going well round the gaff and fucking that, and we were all having a laugh and that.

But there was this one fucking apostle, fucking dickhead he was, from fucking Battersea, fucking right asshole, fucking plastic pretend football hooligan he was.

Reckoned he was hard, reckoned he was a Chelsea fan, I asked the other Chelsea fans, they said they never fucking heard of him.

His name were Judas, what a tosser, he said to Jesus, he said; "alright bruv, need anything from down town?"

And Jesus said; “no, no I don’t, I’m the son of God, I can create twixs from the very furniture, I am fine and anyway we all have the maximum jyro to survive.”

And Judas says; “Alright bruv, I’ll just nip out myself then.”

And he fucked off, and while he was gone, we were listening to Axis Bold As Love by Jimi Hendrix, we thought this is brilliant man, how the fuck did he get that guitar song, that’s just awesome. And Jesus said, “I taught him.” And I said, “Alright, yeah, yeah, fucking son of God, what fucking ever. I bet you invented wah-wah pedals as well, you vegan bastard.” And he said, “well yes I did actually.” And I said “Alright Jesus, some of your stories, you know you don’t half talk some bollox you.”

Anyway, there was a knock at the door, I thought who the fuck’s that? And it was Judas. And do you know what...

He came back, but he didn’t come alone.

He came back, but he didn’t come on his own.

He brought the drug squad with him, and they charged us with possession with intent to enjoy.

Brought ‘department of housing and benefits with him, charged us with doing miracles on the side while claiming incapacity benefits.

I said thank you very much Judas, you grassy little shit, where’s all the money from twixs.

Anyway, I was going to smack him, but fucking police took us away.

And we were sentenced to be crucified, I don't even know what's happened to Judas, I've heard he's in the apostle protection program, the APP, and I was like alright.

Me and Jesus were nailed up on some wood and it was a right shocker, it was awful.

I tell you I had nails right threw my fucking wrists and I had right itchy bollocks aswell, I was like can't reach, can't reach.

But luckily Kyle never got caught and he came and gave them a bit of a scratch, thanks Kyle I'm glad you're there.

Anyway, me and Jesus we were nailed up, just about to die and that, and I said, "yeah it's alright for you Jesus, you'll be back in 3 days, I've seen that film, you fucking Norwegian git, what about me?"

And Jesus just looked at me, in that way that he did, in that Norwegian vegan way, he said...

Chill out knobhead

Chill out knobhead

Chill out knobhead

Chill out knobhead

And there was a quire of angels, who flew down in front of me.

And one of them was carrying a big, big fucking sheet of purple LSD.

They had purple ‘Oms’ on, they were old school.

And the angel popped a few into my gob and said don’t worry about dying mate, that’s the least of your fucking worries, wait until you come up on these bastards.

And they were working pretty fast, what with the nails through my wrists and that, and my adrenaline was pumping.

And as I were coming up on the acid, I could hear a Toyota corolla going down Manningham Lane, oooh oooh

And further in the distance, I could see Judas had got a bit depressed and hung himself with his Chelsea scarf, and I thought aww.

And the angels brought out the knives of righteousness, and the blowtorch of holiness and the cannabis of forgiveness.

And they administered a last few holy hotknives up my nose.

And I breathed up the smoke and I breathed it in, and I was absolved of all sin.

And I came up on the acid and I thought ‘death? Fuck it. As long as the music’s good, I don’t give a shit.’

And the angels sang, in the most loud and angelic way possible, and it sounded almost as if everyone joined in, hopefully, hopefully, last chorus, the angels sang...

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Prologue

That was beautiful. What time does the medication trolley come round? About 8 o'clock? Usual then yeah?

Audience: Get administered to you by Jesus

Yeah, I was Jesus's bodyguard on ward 4. That's not even a lie.

9. I Skanked Me Nanna

Intro

Alright then, I must say, I've got three Nana's / 'cos my mum had two marriages and two of my Nana's are dead / so when I go to the afterlife, I'm going to get the fucking shit kicked out of me.

And Johnny Cash is gonna kick shit out of me and Bob Marley 'cause I nicked his riff for this.

How'd you get shit kicked out of you by Johnny Cash, Bob Marley and your Nana? It's gonna hurt innit, your Nana's gonna be holdin' your ears like that, Johnny Cash would be kicking you in the balls.

Song

I skanked me Nana, but I did not skank my anti Lilian

She's one in a million

I could never dream of skanking my anti Lilian

[Louder] I skanked me Nana, [quitter] but I did not skank my anti Lilian, she's a nice old lady, she used to drive a fire engine during the war.

Me Nana, she gave us 30 quid, she said "why don't you fuck off up to Thornton Edge and get us a quarter ounce of squidge black our kid. Get us a quarter ounce of squidge black and come *straight back.*"
She said "I need it for my arthritis and that."

So I said Nana, why do I always have to score for you?

She said "because I fought 17 world wars for you".

I said “Hang on a minute, I did history at school, there was only 2”.

She said “no there weren’t dickhead, there was another 15 world wars in Eccelston that never got in the fucking papers. I’m telling ya.. Fucking Japanese tried to invade idle working mens club / I had to beat them off until they were exhausted.

I was like.. / Alright Nana.. / I don’t wanna hear that Nana, I’ll just go get your weed alright..

So I fucked off up to Thornton Edge to this guy that I knew. I went straight in and I got a quarter, I didn’t even fill a pipe. I just said it’s for my Nana, I’ve got to go.. he said well just stay for a cup of tea.. I said nah I’ve got to go... he said mate my neighbors will be watching... I said fuck your neighbors it’s me Nana’s ganja, I’ve got to go...

And so I came out of the flats... with a quarter of squidgy black...

But across the road, was a car parked up with blacked out windows, it looked like a Toyota Corolla and one of the windows were rolled down.

And a voice came from inside and it were our Dean...

And he said alright Chris, have you got any draw on you, and I said no, and he said yes you fucking have, what have you been doing in the flats if you haven’t been scoring?

And I said well I have scored a bit, but me Nana... he said never fucking mind your Nana... [serious face] Get in the fucking car... we need a bastard smoke... we’ve been smoking rocks, we’re all fucking uptight and we need to calm down a bit.

So I got into the car, then I noticed it was a pretty full Toyota Corolla
There was our Dean, our Rupert and our Johnny

There was our Ben, there was our Iffy and our Taz

There was our Shwepp, there was our Denise and our Valley

There was our Bruhinder, there was our Denise and our Denise and our Denise and our Denise and her sister Sarah Denise and her sister Mary Denise, not right imaginative in our family when it comes to girls' names.

And we all sat in the car. . .

And I rolled a couple of spliffs to take the edge off living in Bradford.

And because there were so many of us it didn't go that far, so I rolled a couple more to take the edge off there being so many of us in the car.

And then I filled a couple of pipes to take the edge off being in Eccles Hill at all.

And then I filled another couple of pipes to take the edge off having to wear glasses and looking like a white version of Howard from the Halifax advert.

That shouldn't have got so much applause. Was a bit hurtful. Dropped myself in it thought didn't I.

Then we filled another couple of pipes while we were sat in the car. And our Dean were listening to Kelise and Kelise were singing,

She sang "My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, damn right it's better than yours, I could teach you, but I'd have to charge."

I do love Kelise, but I wish she'd stop ringing me up. She can't fucking accept that it's all over between me and her, I've moved on.

Me and Missy Elliot are together now. I love a girl in a puffer jacket me. Someone who's not afraid to wear men's boots, know what I'm saying?

Anyway, so after smoking loads of me nana's ganja, I said to our Dean "will you give us a lift back to Raven's Cliff to give my nana a spliff?"

And he said; "no fucking way, dickhead, [long pause] I don't think you noticed when you got in the car, but it's up on fucking bricks, we had our wheels nicked couple of weeks ago.

And I thought *shit* [slaps forehead].

I had to walk all the way back to Raven's Cliff, and it were fucking raining as I was walking past Eccles Hill swimming baths.

And I thought fuck this I'm going to have to roll myself a spliff to take the edge off what my Nana's going to do to me when she realises I've smoked all the ganja.

And so I had to fill up another couple of pipes, but that just *gave* me the fear. I thought shit, I wish I had some fucking diazepam on me, me mates just come back from Thailand, I'll ring her up and see if she's got any 10 milligram ones, them blue ones, but she were out and it was like shit, I've really got the fear now.

And I got back to me nana's and me Nana said "where the fuckin hell have you been." And me Nana was acting really strange that day, she had a black and white war film on the telly and the prodigy on at fuckin 50,000 gigger watts, what's she doing? "Nana you didn't find a big bag of tablets in my bedroom did you?"

She said never mind that dickhead. You're fucking stoned, you've been smoking my weed.

I said how'd you know I'm stoned?

She said well your eyes are bright red and you went straight for the biscuits. You've had 15 rocky robins and you've only just got into the house. For fucks sake, you fat bastard. No wonder you look Howard out of fucking Halifax advert.

And then she said; "Where's that funkign ganja then."

And I said; "Well, what it is right, I missed my bus. . ."

And she said; "There is no fucking bus, between Thorpe Edge and Raven's Cliff. And to be honest there's someone in the front room who wants to have a word with you, and I went in the front room and my Uncle Raymond was sat there with a baseball bat.

And he said I drove round fucking Thorpe Edge earlier and I saw you in a fucking car, that was up on bricks, smoking ganja, with your Dean, and your Rupert and your Johnny, and your Ben, and your Iffy and your Taz, and your Shwepp, and your Denise, and your Valley, and your Bruhinder, and your Denise, and your Denise and your Denise and your Denise. . .

And I said alright, chill out, chill out.

And me Nana said. . . Me Nana gets disability living allowance so she can afford these digital scales, and they're accurate to a millionth of a gram, she made me put the ganja on the scales to humiliate me further. And it should have weighed about 7 grams, but did it fuck, it weighed 1.333333333 recurring grams, which is less than an eighth.

She wasn't best pleased, so my Uncle Raymond grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and he made me put my hands on the kitchen